

Vassar,  
Nov. 27, 1873.

My dear Carrie,

Thanksgiving morning has at last arrived. Breakfast being at eight, I have just time to start this letter before the bell rings. No letter has come from any of you this week, and I have been hoping that my Thanksgiving would be made brighter by receiving one. Now, however, the day is over and none has come. It is a long, long time since I have written to you, Carrie, and you must think me negligent indeed, while you have been more than usually punctual in writing. One week I had been told that I must read my essay in class the next Monday, and of course I felt very little in the mood for writing; by the way X has never told you about reading that essay, has he? It was perfectly terrible! X was the first one appointed to read; Emma Rice read the same day after me. I had to stand in front of the class and read and then came the criticisms! The latter were not very hard to bear: the girls said they had none to give, and Prof. Backus said there was very little chance for any. He liked my analysis, but, thought I had left out one thought which would have made my essay more effective; and found energy in some of the short sentences, called for my unit sentence and then all was over. The girls all tell me they liked my essay very well, but they would tell anyone set just so much do I believe in school-girl protestations. Since the reading of mine two very fine essays have been read one by Emma Clark, on "Webster as an Orator" and one by Miss White on "Doubt." The other essays read have not amounted to very much.

Well, after reading, I felt very little like letter writing, and so I have allowed so much time to pass without sending you one of my miserable scrawls.

Yesterday morning, Thanksgiving, I did not go to church, but idled around in library and parlor; dinner was served at four o'clock, we remained there for over two hours and then adjourned to the parlors where there was singing and playing. At eight o'clock we met in the Chapel and the Prex. read; this reading is becoming an institution in the College, and a very pleasant one. He read selections this year. One of Mrs. Stowes "Old Town Fireside stories, some passages from Othello, a lay of Macaulay's and the never tiresome "Lend me the ? of a ?," were the pieces selected. A little more eating had to be done in the shape of icecream and cake, Miss Terry must be shaken hands with all round, and then the Thanksgiving of seventy five was gone, nevermore to come again. It has been twice a pleasant one, but to me not so much so as previous ones, perhaps, because the novelty is wearing away.

It is so wintry here, the ground being covered with snow and all the leaves gone from the trees and it is bitter cold. You, X suppose, are also shivering over the cold, but Wood-Lawn even in winter does not look very dreary. I am glad Jack and George still visit you, otherwise you must be rather lonesome sometimes. Mamma wrote that you had been cleaning your room, so I presume your blinds are finished. How do you like them? and how does your room look? Aren't your pincushion, be nearly faded out, so that I can make you a set? and do you still prefer pink? Mamma seems always so anxious about my eyes, which are indeed perfectly well. And

there are many times when it is much pleasantr for me to have a little fancy work to do. So far, however have had none.

I dreamt, the other night that I was home, and it was, oh, so allee!

It made me almost homesick.

I must now end this atupld letter with very much love to all.

Your loving little aiater.

Julia M. Pease, '75